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WeRLtd!

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WeRLtd!

Bestiary 4Achieving Imitation Doxa

Prologue:

We traversed unbeaten desire lines, our path sporadically obstructed by paywalls and trollfronts brokered by unkeyed changelings. For a share of nest-egg, these changelings would navigate a degenerate strategy along the road most travelled. But, on some fool's errand, we nebbly wanderers gravitated toward the lonesome otherworld of the New Forest Coven Mall. Vigilantly, we ascended the accessibility branch that drifted mid-mall, bunny-hopping, as proudling Scrazos do, with the vexed circum-spection of a discerning Dollaramamama.

The top of the branch was a brown study. From this glorious perspective of providence, we envisioned the rude beginnings of PATH and the ghost-renderings of RESO, rejoicing the guaranteed pre-existence of such wonders. We trickled off a platform, drifting upon the mall's thermals. As we lowered placidly onto the forecourt, we whifted sweetly-rotten birdsong that, in hindsight, helped ferment our prospects.

Quickening our recitations, we two silent friends fled upon a small Branch Outlet that had been closed due to a three-thousand-year debt. As we powertooled its humble door to smithereens, the Branch Outlet's CEO appeared. It hailed us with astonished reverence, and, as the doxa directs, implored us to indulge its hospitality. Assisted by the stuttering lights of our Segway®, we spun to leisurely sample the innumerable gifts besieging our attention. An organ mawkishly begged us to come play with her. Euphonic idolatry. A constellation of white goods conversed. Skittish domestic prophesies. Treasure from excrements! But it was a simple sonsy stick that charmed *us*. Leaning nonchalantly against a wall, our stick timorously suffused all the unobtrusive utility of the nonborn maker. Sure, the unwreathed stick was trying really hard to be crude, and was *too* dialup for bulk-good dwelling, but its coy virtuosity was

indubitably seductive. Soon, we two would be three.

The CEO, a languid numbskull, presented us with a meticulous selection box of crunchy kale greens, imaginary Canada browns and a monstrous sloom of yellor-belly yellow. He tossed and tousled a spiffing banquet, accessorised with a toll-free fire, courtesy of the Branch Outlet's cut-rate carved tat (a magic helmet and a golden plow furfuksake?!). How we LOLaloted as the CEO pirouetted upon a rôtisserie improvised wittily from our mount! Duly chargrilled, sated, pink-salted and partially perished, our plus-one association lit upon the slumber plagues of disordered yearning. We flossed, and, in due course, briny droplets of nostalgic sorrow encrusted in our ducts with Promethean convenience.

Meh-ed by a characterless splash in the hot-pot-plop, we malingered deeper into the chiasmic Mall, harvesting the ameliorated embrace of the Ylem tree's witter-waffling limbs. If a branch stood in our way, we'd break it off, flip it over and use it as a stick to break off further branches. As we farmed branches into sticks, we began to ©. We ©d more and more, and as more saw us, our number grew and grew and grew. The sticks spawned extra limbs, limbs that taught us how limbs work. As the fog of sticks, staffs, rods, crooks, poles, shafts and pikes of that perpetual night grew ever more grasping and vertiginous, we became immortal.

*

A flavourless ray of hiss-hop and hintful harmonising. Scuffling eyelips and flickering lipflashes with the foreclosure of certainty, we booted up our BrandeumSM EVP Field Recorder. Foreswunk, we hit the snooze button, but it was too late. A deadened thump roused us into an approximation of the exemplars we suspected we would eventually become. An owl-jacket dripped and sparkled melodramatically in the portico: a *wudu-wāsa* of pre-Boreal orphanage. As our attention atrophied and sharpened, the *wudu-wāsa* manifested as a charred and chomped torso, a bite-sized corpys basted and extinguished many times over, its fungus battered and exquisitely seasoned by the chiff-chaff of sous-solution aligners. Low reverberating drones wifted and babbled beneath its crisply ravished mantle. The appearance transmitted 1-o-1-o-o-N-m-T-o-r-q-u-e-W-r-e-n-c-h in deconsecrated monotone at uDH 279 million cycles per second, a huge bottom end that our BrandeumSM EVP Field Recorder handled with robustness and great clarity.

After a few minutes, this weedish distortion and farty low end splin-

tered our sonsy stick into a zerg of pliant Blobula and Baraka. This glee-mote blinked, twinkled and lip-synched itself into hard attack of complex conglomerates of companies limited by guarantee. Prepositions multiplied with wild abandon, about, in and between each, and every, spawn point. ‘Sacre!’ we groaned. ‘This stick was our crutch; now it will limit us *and make us limitless!*’ Gingerly, we powered down the BrandeumSM EVP Field Recorder, deposited an ersatz 15% gratuity, and gimbled our byes-byes.

Galumphing furthermore into the mall, we were popjoyed by woodland thought-bundles as they foraged *glette* from the nerve ends of amputated Ylem branches. Right before our wide-angled lenses, they compressed, overdubbed, tropical-themed and amplified their Ylemy product into megastick systems composed of jazzily complex and biologically charming chains of indexical confusion. Great bulbous *faux pas* of retrospective sustain-stability!

Energised by novel doxa chatter and arboreal trade mists, we prised the herbs from our bonephones and floated, hair-naked, through ivy-covered photo-ruins outlined against a powder blue sky. With the greasy swagger of the scabbard-dangling ranger, we made flesh-trade with some artificial prey-with-thorns.¹ We witnessed a wolf (wrongly) executed for theft; a horse as suitor, meat-eating becoming taboo and a thief out-sourced as his victim’s chef. As if the mall’s casually exacting post-painterly elegance were not pleasing enough, at Spa Diva, the aesthetic probe – that cosmically adapts to any, whichever and every bus and port – will do more than simply soothe your internal contradictions; it quite literally, tickles your fancy.

Downloading the default NFCMall Walkthru, we star-rated quants ranking visits to the *Central Clearing of Canada Brown*. ‘All is not *glette* that glittersTM’. At the epicentre towered an immense papier-mâché torso into which, for a doxa-specific rent, a paramour entered. Within, there were self-returning walkways, chilly rope bridges, fleshing LEDs, sheltered expletives, and bottle-mashing machines. Glow-bots chased bro-bots as jealous suitors played loud static straight from the stem. Ghost-renderings corroborated evidence of pre-Canadian weapons from pieces of our famous bone or bark. Behind a rack of deceptively disabled

1. Substitute for flesh repaid with substitute for money.

glette taps, we stripped off our soiled and outmoded habits; climbed and splashed into freshly laundered and sponsor-free Zorbs then floated around a flooded maze of soothingly ancient trench ways. Highly affectionate lamprey schools offered us a lucky waste bag, a luminous smart cane, and, from time to time, strange long balloons, kaleidoscopes of exotic vistas, tambourines, plastic pillows, forest mirrors, flaming marshmallows nailed on crossbeams, slides, slide rules, slide projectors and slide-across-stage artfulness manuals.

Forgotten forest mall-muzak and nervous gnasher electronica, interspersed with snatches of comic wind (*dat* Bronx cheer!) and advertorial ambience stimulated our sensory apparatus of the day. Lights changed colour once or twice, and images cloaked the mall walls with flaming marshmallows, spambots and guide-dogs. The mood shifted from cool at first, to warm, curious, and then, finally, to the mildly erotic.

Feel us? Feel; me? Feel us? Feel; me? Feel us? Feel; me?

The incantations bellowed in our bonebuds:

*Th/ Corpys® is th/ denominatur
ben whit space is kempt
Don/t B yourself, ©!*

As the incantations splintered off, an authoritative voice gripped our cochlear implants:

‘My fellow dogheads. WeR.Ltd! was chartered with the strategic goal of maximising non-cognitive effectiveness through servicing vibrational manifestations of the Great Doghead: The Muller Ltd. WeR.Ltd! © that there is enterprise that materials can’t, or shouldn’t, do on their own. As leading Solution Aligners, we have long procured manifestations of the Ur-Doghead’s *baraka*, by harvesting “*glette*”, innovative material solutions dedicated to hosting & eternally reproducing our Gr8 Muller Ltd.’s living fossil.

‘While our ancestral clients made do with *glette* drizzlings from forked Ylem, today WeR.Ltd! provide a fully integrated package that regularly services our clients’ *glette* with a revolutionary *baraka*-infusion imitation doxa (or “pudding”).

‘We call this new symbiosis: ©ing. ©ing is believing™.

‘WeRLtd! securitise the transparency, accountability & maximal satis-

faction of datum; pooling, licensing and sharing our clients' "©ings of the day" on the underbelly canopy *Jumbotrons o' Statistical Jouissance* ("JSJ 2Day").

'Our vision is to securitise:

- Licensing professional services to *manifestations* of horse-class Muller Ltd. *baraka*
- More effective *baraka* reproduction and distribution
- Geo-tagged "points of interest" as lures for ©ing
- Birth Baskets as Canopy Pores for the micro-infusion of forked Ylem into the hypereconomous
- Orthodox corporate organs with pro-heretical micro-organs
Probe-client simulators for play testing ©ings
- Supportive & responsive doghead re-capitalisation
(i.e. "torsoing")
- Quasi-doghead resource-time for consultations, hearty profiteering and recalibration.'

By way of a presentation finale, four limbed arrangements of muscular printed-matter stampeded through our chillax zone, spraying the calm evening air. A variety of forest fragrances subtly infused *The Riivel*:

Recipes must be followed!
This riivel is the harbinger of joy
4 the Muller is Ltd. the Muller is Limitless!

The after-wift carried geo-notes: 'Where 2 © us: We have omnipresent Solution Aligners at low-hanging tranches in New Forest Coven Mall, P2P, Cour-Court, Promenades Cathédrale & N°. Fully Pilgrimaged

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2. *Disclaimer:* By practising our services, our serviced clients consent to release, discharge, copy, distribute, transmit, display, perform, reproduce, publish, transfer and profit from the Muller Ltd.'s ©ings. This obligation is inviolate imperative of the First Apprentice. Userexperience of our servicing is at the service distributor's own risk. While imitation doxa may intermingle without losing monadic ©ability, incorrectly stimulating the trans-sensory zone of interference has led to: postplanetary hackterial engagements, variety shockz, serious injury, megadeath, damage to property. Other side effects have

Dogheads can also flow through us for consultation via www.WeR.Ltd.'

Desperate to know more, we NFC'd the Disclaimer² and hastened our loyal steed straight for the WeR.Ltd! MHz Center 4 Free&D in St. Petersburg FL: New Forest's famous WeR.Ltd! Outlet.

The Outlet was surprisingly demure and shapeless. Fashioned (heretically) from a totem tree, its spartan benches offered little more than free coffee-pods and gratis bingo credit. We two silent friends sat down quietly on a pew at the back of the Outlet and focused our attention on the stage. WeR.Ltd!'s Corporate Pardoner's slide presentation was in full flight:

'The Muller Ltd., the First Apprentice, is chicken, egg and eye. WeR.Ltd! are ©ings of the vegetable mono-taxon, *Canopy Glyphus*. Our Solution Aligners are recruited solely from this ferociously orthodox taxon.

A Boreal and most lucrative value for WeR.Ltd! is our commitment &

included: neu kirtle-praise, popet gestures, massif speshil enluminen, much-a-do chois o' will-vessel, biennale-endenten, cock-o-thē-apocalypse realty, parlayin', sacral peep-holing, stale brede &c&c connin say-wrytin, naughti non touchin, freeke Hi-tasten, nambren an noumbren o' up-hosts, tabernaclin an worshipping in secretorums, hi-clennse TEATREE sensoriums, man-kinder nonsensoriums, silent wombe lock-casse, fey abstaining fi comyn crocc [*esp.* if MULLER *lite*], lusten meta-physic an 3ou-scholast an divine after-clappy, seien an adorin thē transfigurin o' mollocke, recevin free wyn an wylde bed, creepin tae thē gift gunners, fredome fraunchise, LOLalotin, bearin absurdium newefangelnes, pylgrimage fir non-sensin, neo-kneelin, neo-knockin, aultars, super-aultars, mega-aultars, massive lika-lanterns o' lepers loupin, post mort cannon-wassups. By engaging our services, our serviced clients, and any non/participants they service, discharge and forever acquit WeR.Ltd! and its Solution Aligners from any and all mistransubstantiation, causes of mistransubstantiation, whatsoever, known or unknown now existing or which may arise in the future or past, on account of or in any way related to or arising out of ©ing. WeR.Ltd! make no gift-bonds of any kind, either voluntarily or hypothetical, including but not limited to gift-bonds of servicise-ability. Any *baraka* featured are pre-infused and for illustration purposes only. ©ings are aimed at the ©er. Distribute, transmit, display, perform, reproduce, publish, transfer and profit from the Muller Ltd.'s ©ings. This obligation is inviolate imperative of the First Apprentice. Userexperience of our servicising is at the service distributor's own risk. While imitation doxa may intermingle without losing monadic ©ability, incorrectly stimulating the trans-sensory zone of interference can lead to shock, serious death or damage to property.

respect to ©ings of the Gr8 Doghead – whether past-dead or future-dead – equally. WeR.Ltd! are circular; so don't worry, the end of the world is only temporary. *Something* will never go *away*.'

The Corporate Pardoners' presentation was as invigorating and sustainable as it was comprehensible. No lectures by, about or through the making a knot of spilled brandy. This slideshow dispensed with helpful dolphins, filthy habits, conductors of the dead, rat weddings, reincarnation as flea, ghost vehicles, crayfish deniers, garlic eating, leopard skin bagpipes, joy over wealth – all them crazy old superstitions! *Cum grano salis*. Like a red squirrel pointing out a really obvious road, ©ing promised us access to something that all dogheads longed for: compressible and sustainable *techniques du corpys*. With little to no thought – 4thought seemed impossible in such an enlightening situation – we subscribed for Project 3.4: *Bestiary 4Achieving Imitation Doxa*:

'The Corpys is comprised of horse-class Electronic Voice Phenomena field recordings in every field concerned with the factum of the Great Solution Aligner. The siloed nature of this corpys enables greater access than is facilitated by the "torn-out retina" cacophony of polyandrous ©ings. *the bestiary of sustainable techniques du corpys is in fowre partes*:

3.4.1: Transcanine Corporation

WeRLtd! servise imitation doxa to facilitate ©ing through the development of the ur-Doghead corpys-politic as a void of youth 'n' death. The Ur-corpys-politic of the Great Solution Aligner is, a transcaninal corporation.

The Great Solution Aligner's inviolable collection of graspable concerns (Always Fresh Horton's Cup™, Tru-Leech, Segway PT InfoKey serial numbers, Class II Calf Compressor, Yoshi Amiibo, ersatz-canine hair of The Petrovsky and various other examples of constitutive absence) are soaked in hot specialty beverage – avl. at any WeRLtd. authorised *baraka* dealer or distributor – which is thN used in the ©ing and brewing of its parliaments.

3.4.2: ©ing

Solution aligners today are overwhelmed by the ballooning corpys of local recipes; most of us manage to process only a fraction of what we download. This unabridged heterodoxy is a prosthetic and irritant that clouds our provenance. As such, more & more solution aligners are adopting a new symbiosis called ©ing, the paradigm plague to end all paradigm plagues.

As open access content generation grows exponentially, WeR.Ltd! are exclusively attentive to the reduced corpys of neomedieval hypereconomic ritual provided by the corpys of the ur-doghead. Thought contagion (©ing) enables the Gr8 Solution Aligner to prevail as factum.³ In turn, our *baraka* maintenance schedule securitises optimal performance, safety, & immortal life of all Solution Aligners. Soon, ©ing will be the method that all solution aligners are required to ©!

3.4.3: EVP Field Recording

Many of our clients worry that the First Apprentice, the Muller Ltd., suffered the terrifying cost of dissolving its own corporeal branding into the blurred synesthetic badelynge. Securitise! Our breakthrough in Electronic Voice Phenomena free&d enables us to remote view our common cyanobacterial ancestor through obfuscating, chemospheric mists. WeRLtd! have exclusive access to the unedited premier performances of the ©ing doxa. As such, WeR.Ltd! enable an average 98.77%⁴ ©ing doxa trend mimesis – direct from the Ltd.-ocene – that's 3.61% more accurate than the majority of our competition. *the*, not *a*, & that's guaranteed!⁵

3.4.3.1: EVP Field Recording: Reflective Toolkit for Muller Ltd. (Puddyng Lite)

The *baraka* hot speciality beverage features in the *Reflective toolkit for Muller Ltd. (Puddyng Lite)*, a crypto imitation doxa unearthed through

3. Heresy, of course, limits what can be imitated.

4. Future performance is no guarantee of current results

5. Subject to © ability.

uncompressed Electronic Voice Phenomena field recordings of the spatial-medieval dead conducted at the *MHz Center 4 Free&D*, St. Petersburg, FL. The aim of this ©-system toolkit is to get started ©ing the Gr8 Solution Aligner & quickly achieve noncanineal stasis. Grynðeing, regurgitating & ©ing ur-doghead will help us avoid wasting ur canineal time with future plans, ensuring that Solution Aligners practice version-controlled doxa, & don't end up down hermeneutic paths or falling from low-hanging branches!

And so did the great academy of glass illuminate the boundaries of our canine imperium. Now, when we two silent friends © the mirror we © the ur-doghead's reflection. And if we may indulge you, whether you think you're ready or not, just start right now. There is magic in ©ing. It is simple. Sit down, relax and take a sip of hot speciality beverage. Carefully follow each step in the ontograph as a hedonic end in itself, not bringing it to any conclusive resolution. Incorrectly stimulating the trans-sensory zone of interference can lead to shock, serious injury, death and damage to property:

	doxa	heretical marg.
uDH 846 million cycles per second	Tak þe 23-32mmHg Class II calf compressor of the First Apprentice. apply carboxylmethylcellulose gum thN wrap around 6" 3/8ths Extension mit 3/8" Clicker 10-100 N-m Torque Wrench IN CAPS & skewer intae a natural pose. Rawe cooke & ferment wae mashed bees & bathe in boxstore dumpster fur wan hundrd and eigty dayes. Shak oan verjuice & bake hote in pye, package & brande & nest oot hote oan street stalle.	'100% convincingly natural' happyface icon. LOLat! Petropolitics writ large.
uDH 333 million cycles per second	... designed tae be performed wearing predictable grey wig [STATIC] Hand-bare, tak the true leech [STATIC] mak Þe seal (™) o' þe Muller Ltd. Pointing () & fede Þe seal (™) oan bleached glands & rotten sardenes. Guild and place lighted camphor oan crustes. Blaw and breyk aff tithe 1/10th of cruste in-kinde tae be free of Gargoyle Merchant.	ITA TERRA; NB this step not written by WeR.Ltd!

CONFRATERNITY OF NEOFLAGELLANTS

uDH 279 million cycles per second	<p><i>Jour gras</i>, tak þe Always Fresh Tims™ Cup o’ Muller Ltd.* , sterilise & grynde hem smale (ane 50g food processor [STATIC] torqued tae 11N-m) Do þerto powdour of galyngale, of canel, of gynguer, & salt it right up reel good. According tae þe <dragonwasp99@mail.dh> ye must sanitise it vp wae vyneger & LeanSteer™ clamp bolt, & drawe it vp þurgh a straynour (be REALLLLLLLY carefule tae overclock). Place þe wee crustes of Muller Ltd. in thee Always Fresh Horton’s Cup oot in þe open so þey cannae [STATIC] a dynamic partnership wae acetylated tartaric acid esters ov mono- & diglyceride. Bury þem separately richt next tae þe elephant bush. Dinnae git confused by þhae section titled ‘blanche avatar’; let [STATIC] steal it wae a wee laugh.</p>	*this product has no affiliation with Keurig® or K-Cup®
uDH 288 million cycles per second	<p>Record þe Segway® Canineal Transporter x2 Turf serial numbr InfoKey o’ Muller Ltd. fae LeanSteer™ Frame, & seep in sodium caseinate. Tak þe 2-step serial numbr InfoKey & þe grece o’ hym serial numbr InfoKey & Ote-mele around 9% in SL Linden\$ fees, & Salt, & Pepir, & [STATIC] & Gyngere, & melle þese to-gederys wel, & þen instrumentalise this in þe account of þe plump porpoise, & þen let it ‘wave instantly, & no hard, a guid awhile; & þen tak him up tae þe buying limit a’ 88SLL per day usin onlie WeR. Ltd!-approved dealers & weaponise wae mary dysed, & datys mynsyd; dipotassium phosphate, corauns; sigure, robust safron; & medyll al þhegedyr a little, package & brande & þen serve forth. Watch [STATIC] fur þe we guys wae nae torches! © reference manual fur mair [STATIC]</p>	þe puddying may be slightly less than þe amount broiled. This is because cocoa processed with alkali of Muller Ltd. charges a 2.9% + 0.30SLL ‘angel’s share’